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Will the fair question develop a broil with the Vatican?

Now it is pie that have gone into a trust. Thank goodness, they can't get our mothers into it.

The prospect of 7 1/2 lire a day takes all the terror of American lynching from the Italians. More of them are coming here this year than ever before.

Lake health, American citizenship becomes a very valuable thing when lost. Messrs. Gaylor and Greene are willing to pay \$300,000 for the privilege of coming back to this country.

The Texas Republicans are disposed to rub it into Joe Bailey. They want Senator Beveridge to stump the State, and particularly Joe Bailey's former Congressional district. Why don't they invite Judge Penfield?

The Chief of the Weather Bureau has installed an apparatus which will detect lightning at a distance of 100 miles. This ought to be very useful to certain gentlemen who are putting up their little Presidential lightning rods.

A GREAT pugilistic effort came off in San Francisco last Friday evening, but as we are supremely indifferent to a person named Fitzsimmons, and the mere mention of another person named Jeffries is quite tiresome, we cannot possibly recall which "knocked out"—as the phrase is—the other.

A QUEER fact of the labor situation is that the Italians are crowding out the Japanese in the far West. The Great Northern Railway, which now employs over 1,000 Japanese on its line in Montana, has started in to replace them with Italians, who will receive 16 cents per hour. As a lire, which is worth 19 cents, is as big in Italy as a dollar is in this country, the prospect of receiving nearly a lire an hour is amassing wealth very rapidly to the poverty-stricken sons of sunny Italy.

APPARENTLY the policy of McKinley in trying to build up a Republican party in South Carolina among the anti-Tillmanites is to be continued. The appointment of Maj. Micah Jenkins, the Rough Rider friend of President Roosevelt, to the position of Collector at Columbia, was a step in this direction, and now Maj. Jenkins has removed George Washington Murray, who represents the negro element in the State, and appointed in his place E. W. Screven, who belongs to one of the oldest South Carolina families of rice planters. He came over to the Republican side during Cleveland's first Administration, and has since been a leader in the attempt to build up a Republican party among men of social and business standing.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT always shows off well in a repartee before a mixed crowd. Addressing the assembly at St. Girt, N. J., the following colloquy took place: "You don't come of you were in the Spanish-American war?" (A voice, "Yes, many of us.") "The only trouble with that war was that there was not enough war to go around." (Laughter.) "You got your slice?" "I did," continued the President. "I was one of the lucky ones!"

IT HAS been discovered that farmers and others who have the most to do with hay never have any fever. Its use is confined to dergymen and others who would not know a Timothy stalk from a morning glory vine, and have time and means to go away for a Midsummer vacation.

THE Rhode Island Branch of the Society of the Cincinnati has offered a gold medal for a new and satisfactory melody for "America." The words are acceptable, but the Society objects to the use of the same tune that is used in England for "God Save the King," and by other countries for their National airs. The objection seems strong, but unfortunately for them National anthems can not be, and never have been, made to order. Like Topsy, they simply "grow." People sing what they like, not what some men may think they ought to sing. The nearest approach to an indigenous National melody we have ever had is "John Brown's Body." Some day some unsung and poetic genius will take that as a foundation and build up for us a genuine National song.

THE Department of Illinois, G. A. R., has placed in nomination for Commander-in-Chief Gen. John C. Black, Past Department Commander and ex-Commissioner of Pensions. Comrade Black has a military record that ranks among the first. He went out in 1861 as a private in the 11th Ill., then raised a company for the 37th Ill., which he commanded with great gallantry, until he was promoted to a field officer, finally reaching the rank of Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General. He was repeatedly wounded, and suffers intensely from his wounds to this day. After his term as Commissioner of Pensions, he was elected Representative-at-Large from Illinois, and President Cleveland appointed him U. S. District Attorney for Northern Illinois. He is a genial, lovable man, and an orator of high rank.

The following from the Herfordshire (Eng.) Star shows that crossing the ocean has not broken Henry Clay Evans of his old tricks:

The Hon. Henry Clay Evans, who takes the place of the late William M. Osborne as United States Consul-General in London, was born in 1843, and began his working life as a manufacturer of railway carriages. He received his present appointment immediately upon resigning the position of Commissioner of Pensions. The pension system, which is one of the most important institutions in America, dispassionately some \$150,000,000 yearly, has been considerably abused by fraudulent veterans. Mr. Evans fought these impostors so strenuously that possibly some worthy soldiers, without the proper proofs to substantiate their service, but with considerable political influence, suffered for and with the guilty.

This brought upon the Commissioner the indignation of the United States Army and the Republic, a powerful organization that casts a solid vote for the Republican party, and Mr. Evans's resignation was the result.

THE COMING NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

If the coming National Encampment be not the greatest in the history of the Order, then all signs are untrustworthy. There may not be so many veterans present as at some former Encampments, but the number will be nearly as great as the greatest, and the interest will be more intense.

Everyone feels that this will be the last National Encampment held in the National Capital—that city which, from first to last in the great struggle, was the object of their intensest solicitude, and for the immediate safety of which more than 2,000,000 men fought for four long, bitter years. It is the city from which they as raw recruits marched forth to battle, the city to which they were sent back when wounded or disabled, the city to which, as seasoned veterans, they returned in triumph when their great work was done. It is ringed by a hundred desperate battlefields on which they fought. Within a day's journey a quarter of a million of their comrades sleep in National Cemeteries.

All of the survivors of the mighty Union hosts want to gather once more in Washington. They want to bring their families, and revisit the scenes of momentous events of which they were part and parcel. It is a pilgrimage like unto none other in history. The men who in their youth saved the Nation from extinction want to come back in their old age to the fields made glorious by their successful valor, and revisit the Capital whose magnificence is the flowering of the Nation to which they gave a new birth of Freedom and Prosperity.

That, before they die, they should have this opportunity is a very great privilege. No men who ever fought for a great cause have been blessed in their lifetime by so wonderful a justification of all that they did and dared. Only posterity has seen the fullness of the work others have done for Humanity, but the men who crushed the rebellion have lived to see the Nation reach the point of greatness surpassing anything in their most sanguine youthful dreams.

The beautiful City of Washington is the representative and embodiment of that Nation's greatness. Here, in the afternoon of their lives, is the fittest place for the veterans to gather and rejoice together over the rich results of their work in the morning.

It is that such a multitude will feel impelled to do this, and that they will be thrilled by their country's world-leadership as in no previous Encampment, that will make the 35th National Encampment the greatest in the history of the Order.

MORE SOUTH CAROLINA TEETH GRITTING.

Col. Jim Tillman, Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina, cousin of the Senator, and who came into National prominence a few months ago by an insulting message he sent to the President of the United States, seems to have a streak of yellow teeth behind all the bluff he puts up. He is now running for Governor of South Carolina, and at a public meeting at Gaffney, S. C., he referred to an editorial published in the local paper denouncing him as "a liar, a gambler and a drunkard." In the old days any one of these epithets was supposed to be enough to make any "South Carolina gentleman" simply riot in gore, and an editor applying it would be at once rejected by any life or accident insurance company. But Lieut.-Gov. Tillman merely contented himself by saying unpleasant things about the editor. The telegraph says:

"De Camp walked up, faced him, and said he was the author. There was great confusion, cheers and counter-cheers. The ladies fled precipitately."

The ladies seem to have been scared without reason, for Tillman blandly replied:

"Then you are the author of something for which you should be very much ashamed."

Now, while this was Biblically correct, being the soft answer which turneth away wrath, it was decidedly un-South Carolinian, and still more un-Tillmanlike. The editor seemed to be out hunting trouble, for he boldly replied:

"Jim Tillman, I can prove you are a liar over your own signature."

We used to hear so much about the "craven-spirited Yankees" who when they were called to arms demanded proof of the assault, while the hot-spirited Southerners proceeded instantly to wipe out the insult in blood. Therefore, we were not at all prepared to have the Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina meekly demand the proof, which the editor proceeded to furnish from his letter-book, when, the telegraph says,

"Tillman did not answer, and amid confusion the meeting adjourned."

There are some things which pass the understanding, and one of these is how fellows of the Tillman stripe got the upper hand of the old fire-eating Wade Hampton-Bulter-Rhett-Pickens coterie; and the other is how the people of South Carolina submit to be ruled and represented by such a breed of swashbucklers.

THE ENCAMPMENT PROGRAM.

Much trouble and confusion have resulted from unauthorized statements sent out from Washington by imaginative reporters as to the National Encampment program. There has been nothing definite formulated as yet, and will not be until the Commander-in-Chief comes, on Aug. 5, and consults with the Local Committee.

There is every probability, however, that the Encampment will take the regular course. There will be, likely, a parade of the Regular Army and Navy, with the District National Guard, High School Cadets, and other organizations, on the afternoon of Monday, Oct. 6, to open the Reunions at Camp Roosevelt. Also, that the Grand Parade will be on Wednesday, with a public reception and formal opening of the Encampment in the evening, and the business sessions on Thursday and Friday.

A PARADE FOR MONDAY.

It is proposed to have a parade on Monday, Oct. 6, of the Regular Army and Navy stationed in Washington, the District National Guard, the High School Cadets, and some other organizations. This will give the visiting veterans a much-coveted opportunity to see the Regular forces of the United States. The Secretary of the Navy has promised to order six vessels to Washington to add to the attractiveness of the Encampment, and these will land parties to take part in the parade.

The object of the demonstration will be to formally open Camp Roosevelt for Reunions. It will be a fine display of the active forces of the United States, and fittingly prelude the grand display of the retired forces, which will probably take place on Wednesday.

We venture the strong assertion that Senator Bailey's deep and prolonged silence is unwarranted by anything in his previous history.

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1903.

San Francisco has set out upon a determined campaign to secure the holding of the National Encampment for 1903 in that city. It counts confidently, and with sufficient reason, upon the memories of the glorious entertainment given the National Encampment there in 1882 to fill all the Delegates with a desire to revisit the Golden Gate. The following circular has been sent out, and a delegation of unusual strength has been elected to press the matter through, at the head of which is Gen. Shafter, of Santiago fame.

Headquarters Department of California and Nevada, Grand Army of the Republic, 332 City Hall, San Francisco, Cal., June 30, 1902.

Dear Sir and Comrade:

The undersigned Delegates from the Department of California and Nevada to the 35th National Encampment at Washington, respectfully and fraternally call your attention to the following resolution that was unanimously adopted at our 35th Department Encampment, just held at Hanford, June 30, 1902:

Whereas it seems desirable that another National Encampment of the G. A. R. shall be held on the Pacific Coast before the old men and infirmities of comrades make it impossible for them to travel long distances; and

Whereas the memories of the 20th Encampment at San Francisco in 1880 are pleasant and instructive, and the hearty and practical financial assistance of its citizens is never to be forgotten. Now, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this 35th Encampment of the Department of California and Nevada that the 37th National Encampment should be held in the City of San Francisco, in 1903; and that our Delegates to the 35th National Encampment, at Washington, D. C., be and are hereby instructed to present the claims of San Francisco for such 37th National Encampment, and to cause these claims to be pushed to a favorable consideration.

In view of this resolution and the fact that our delegation to the 35th National Encampment, at Washington, was elected to go there, pledged to work for it, we hope you will be prepared to look favorably upon the claims of San Francisco for the next October. We want the 37th National Encampment to be held here in 1903, and trust you will be satisfied to favor the idea, and hence we call to your attention this early so you may have a chance to think it over and canvass it with your fellow-delegates.

We promise the lowest round-trip rail fare (probably \$75 from Boston) and offer a choice of three, perhaps three routes—a California welcome on your arrival and California hospitality during your stay.

Yours in F. C. and L. W. G. Hawley, Department Commander.

Official: T. C. Masteller, Assistant Adjutant-General.

W. R. Shafter, J. H. Stuntz, S. L. Richards, G. V. Whit, F. W. Cushing, H. P. Brainerd, A. D. Cutler, G. A. W. Faust, Representatives.

The attitude of Mrs. Ella Hall, of Adel, Ga., may be a subject of discussion among the ladies generally. Her father was Marshall of Adel, and made himself obnoxious to the criminal classes by the vigor with which he hunted down and suppressed negro gambling dens, speakeasies, etc. This led one of the keepers of these places—Boisy Bryant, a negro—to murder him. There was no doubt of the negro's guilt, and he was convicted and condemned to hang this month. Mrs. Hall has written to the Sheriff requesting the privilege of spraying the trap of the gallows. The Sheriff has replied that he had desired that pleasure himself, but will waive it in favor of one who has a better right. The Sheriff's position, at least, is indefensible. No matter how he is treated, he is the officer of the law, the officer of executing him is one imposed upon the Sheriff by law, and which he is supposed to discharge, as he does other duties, with passionate exactness. It is as indecent for him to have "pleasure" in it as it would be contemptible for him to shrink from it. He has the right to delegate someone else to do any part of it, but they must be all officers of the law. He cannot delegate any of his powers to others than those whom the law specifies, and certainly he is open to grave censure, if not impeachment or worse, if he makes a legal function as an instrument of private vengeance. As for Mrs. Hall, we shall leave her to the ladies.

SCIENCE has her heroes as brave and self-sacrificing as those upon the battlefield. Dr. Garnault, a French physician, inoculated himself with tuberculosis from an infected cow last June, in order to disprove Prof. Koch's assertion that human beings cannot catch consumption from cattle. He has developed genuine tuberculosis in himself, and therefore demonstrated that consumption is contagious from cattle. The advantage of this to science is incalculable, but think of the condition in which the self-sacrificing doctor is left. He has genuine consumption, and while it is believed by physicians that consumption was contagious, there is the strongest chance that he may die.

THE Administration of Gov. A. T. Bliss, of Michigan, has been so satisfactory that he has been accorded a re-nomination by the Republicans. As he had a majority of 80,000 at the last election, he may be said to be standing on political velvet. Comrade Bliss was a splendid soldier, rose to be a Captain in the 10th N. Y. Cav., and was left for dead on the field at Bearn's Station, to be picked up by the rebels and suffer a long term of imprisonment.

At Sea Girt, N. J., the President said to a comrade of the G. A. R.:

"One of the many good results of the Spanish-American war is the appreciation of the younger generation now have of the value to you old veterans of that little button which you wear on the lapel of your coat."

THE announcement that the Porto Ricans led the Americans in the Civil Service examinations makes us more profoundly distrustful than ever of the Civil Service methods.

The State Department officials seem inclined to think that the publication of Gen. Bragg's letter has so far impaired his usefulness at Habana that it would be better to transfer him to another post.

Col. C. C. Hood, 16th U. S., and Chambers McKibbin, 12th U. S., are recommended for promotion for their Philippine service and immediate retirement. Col. Hood is an Ohio man, and enlisted in the 31st Ohio as a private in Co. G. He became a Corporal and Sergeant, and then received a commission, and was promoted to be a Captain. He immediately went into the Regular Army, and became a Colonel in 1880.

Col. McKibbin belongs to the well-known Pennsylvania family who furnished so many excellent soldiers, and he enlisted in 1862 in the general service. He then secured a commission in the 14th U. S., served on the staff of several Generals, and was brevetted a Captain for gallantry at the North Anna and Weldon Railroads.

Shirley, "Shorty" and the Boys of Co. Q.

and the Boys of Co. Q.

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The Destruction of "Columbia" Completed. A TRA VAIL, COSTS THE LIVES OF 15 UNION SOLDIERS—SI and the Best Start Off in Search of the Fourteenth Corps.

"Come on, boys," said Si, gathering up his things, as he saw the man follow his advice, let the boat go, and begin to float down the river. "After all, I don't know but what advising that fellow to go to Charleston was like telling him to jump from the frying-pan into the fire. I suppose that Charleston's our next next time. But he will be among his friends there, anyway, and I'll have had some experience with burning cities."

"If he sticks to the river, he'll be all right, let them burn as much as they please," remarked Shorty, "and he may reap another harvest of his bones."

"If you're sure, Si, we'll be out of the blamed silver, anyway. Gather up your things, boys, and come on. We'll go over to the western side of the city and wait for the Fourteenth Corps to come up with the 1st Oshkosh and our horses. They can't be far away. All the rest of the army's coming up."

"Of course, the 1st Oshkosh is at the very end of the grand Wash Lambert. 'That comes of my being away from the regiment.'"

As they moved out they found they had much more to carry than they expected, and it was particularly cumbersome. There was especially so with Alf and Monty, and their precious law and medical books. They had wrapped these up in their blankets, which they slung over their shoulders.

Otterbein Kramer had a quantity of kitchen utensils which he highly esteemed and would not leave behind. He had a pair of silver candlesticks which he thought would be nice for Maria's dressing case. They were wrapped up in his blanket, and they were particularly heavy because he had not wanted his partner to know that he had them.

Even without these additional burdens, carbines, cartridge-boxes, haversacks, blankets and canteens became very cumbersome to boys on foot, who have been used to riding.

They tried to get some negroes to help them, as they toiled along, but by the time the blacks were so interested in prowling around among the ruins that they would not do anything else. Any ruin was more attractive to them than a gold mine, and they halfheartedly tried to help them with their handle burnt out, and its temper reduced to that of hoop-iron, was a bigger find than the Ballarat nugget.

Si, Shorty or Oterbein Kramer would get out of some able-bodied ones, and load them with blankets, canteens and kettles, but presently the things would be found on the road, and the negroes skipper would be left with a group of others, selling and running in excitement over some wonderful find of the works of a clock, or the barrels and lock of a shotgun.

The streets were clogged with fallen walls and telegraph wires, and progress was difficult. Roads leading to the north had been cleared in some places, but the rest of the country was a wilderness of men and horses, but nowhere the sight of the much-sought-for Acorn badge. Wagons blazoned and flags flaunted in every direction, but no one seemed to care for anything but the search for gold. Si and Shorty were too busy to look up. There is a modesty and reticence about love in big, strong, rough men, that surpasses the modesty of women. It was a delight to Shorty to merely touch the things that had come from Maria's hands.

Alf and Monty turned from the monotonous spectacle of burnings and ruins to pore over their books while Sandy began measuring the thickness of the leaves of the books and the grass with his micrometer. Harry Joslyn studied his new Transvaal revolver with delight, while Oterbein Kramer fidgeted around to see if it were not possible to begin preparing for the next meal. Wash Lambert improved the occasion by comprehensive maledictions on things that he may have overlooked or forgotten on previous occasions, when he was pressed for time. Pete saw where a creek set in, and escaped being discovered by the splash or contaminated by the powder, and hastened down there to try his new fishing rod. Tom and Abe sat high up on the rock, where they could see everything, and gloat over the vengeance overtaking their enemies.

Not far from the rock was a shed, into which gathered some other boys who had been turned back by the guards. Shorty and Si were in the middle of the big room, and the others were in the back.

"Why, Shorty, what's the matter? Colly?" he exclaimed, and then noticing the look on Shorty's face, he said, "You usually devoted to colic, he seemed himself to think the matter over and rose with a howl and an exclamation. "Dumb the condemned thing! It's as hot as iron—say, Wash, don't sit down there."

"Think I'm a blamed fool," said Wash, arresting himself just in time. "I don't want no fried fish, and I don't want no fried fish. Shorty wanted to roll up his blanket again, while Si's attention was distracted. Their further progress was arrested by a line of guards thrown out to keep men from the river. The boys had to turn back, and Si and Shorty were left to their own devices.

"Go way back there. You're smoking," said Si, looking at Shorty, who was puffing a cloud of smoke. "I feel as if I was," said Shorty with a rueful glance. "Hurts bad enough, yet."

"Si's everything else in this late lamented town," said Wash Lambert. "We're only in fashion."

"We'll all stop smoking if you'll let us go on through," called out Si. "We want to get to the river."

"Where do you belong?" asked the sentinel. "Fourteenth Corps."

"Ain't no such corps no more. It slipped on a rotten log and was drowned in the Saludy River. No mourners."

"You're a liar," shouted Shorty. "The Fourteenth Corps'll be alive and moving in a few minutes. The boys are nursing your sore feet in the hospital. We've showed you the way over every river we've come to yet."

"Well, you can't come across here, or the same. Go way back beyond that gall there, and don't come any nearer, or we'll back on you, and we won't have no more back talk neither. Them's orders."

"He has the best of it," said Shorty, Si, gathering up his things. "And he's right. There don't seem to be much chance of getting around the line, for it was too hot to go to where they are burning those factories and warehouses. But they'll get through hauling that stuff out pretty soon, at the rate they're working. Let's go down there on the bank of the river. Maybe we can see something of our corps on the other side."

They found a place which gave a good view of the opposite side of the river, and also of the work of the rebels in the direction of engineer officers were knocking down the walls and destroying the ammunition boxes, and the gun shops, the printing office for Confederate money and bonds, the factories for rebel cloth and munitions, etc., etc. Where there was no danger of starting the fire, they used fire to help on. The provisions in the warehouses were distributed to a clamorous crowd, from which men and women emerged staggering under loads that they could not carry. The road, heavily guarded by sentinels on either side, was filled with wagons hauling kegs of powder, boxes of cartridges, shells loaded and reloaded, canteens, food and all manner of explosives and missiles.

In various stages of preparation, from the arsenal down to the river, and returning empty for more. Powder was sitting about from the broken packages—in the wagon-beds, along the road, and in all directions. The officers directing the work were taking unusual precautions, as the lines of guards showed, and were trying to keep the men very careful in handling the deadly stuff, but the veterans, seasoned as they were to danger, were hard to keep from taking chances. Si watched the work for some little time with interest, and finally slipped around behind the guards, pulled out Annabel's last letter, thumb-nailed, crinkled and blurred from the hard campaigning, and re-read it for the hundredth time, finding many things

in the rush that was now being made from all directions toward the scene of disaster were many mounted officers of high rank. Among them was the Division Surgeon, followed by his staff and attaches. Ambulances were sent for, and came at a gallop, and the more severely

Some foragers had found it, loaded it with the good things of the plantations' stores and made the staid men hitch up four horses to it. The captors had driven it to the river, and left it there to be run over to the scene of the disaster, and Shorty saw his opportunity. They made a rush for the coach, and piled into it without a word of protest. The Division Surgeon showed a disposition to hesitate and debate the morality of the transaction, but Shorty pushed him along, and made him throw his traps into the big "boot" of the coach. There were no more for the vehicle, which would hold most of them, and Shorty mounted into the saddle of the wheel-horse.

They were none too soon, for Shorty had hardly gathered up the lines when the war-horse Pete shouted, "Hurry up, Corporal. Them fellows that the rig belongs to have got to be running this way as hard as they can."

Shorty cracked his whip, and yelled at the horses, and as the coach rolled away, Sandy and Pete put their thumbs to their noses, and "took sights" at the enraged bumpers, who were saying all manner of unkind things about the men who had stolen their horses.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

Col. George C. Tichenor, a member of the Board of United States General Appraisers, died at his home in East Orange, N. J., from locomotor ataxia. He was 64 years old and was one of the leading tariff experts in the country. He was born in Kentucky, but lived in Iowa when the war broke out, and enlisted in the 35th Iowa. He received a Lieutenant's commission, and later a promotion through the rank of Colonel, and served on the staff of Gen. G. M. Dodge. He entered the public service in 1870 as Special Agent of the Treasury Department, and proved such an efficient man that he rose rapidly in the service, until he became First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Harrison. He assisted in the reconstruction of the McKinley and Dingley bills. Wounds received in the service made him a great sufferer and shortened his life many years.

Mrs. Irene Curtis Rucker, wife of Gen. D. H. Rucker, U. S. A., retired, died July 25, in Washington. Mrs. Rucker, who was born in 1820, was a daughter of a pioneer in Mackinaw, Mich., where she spent her childhood and early youth. In 1850 she was married to Gen. Rucker. Since the General's retirement in 1870, they had resided in Washington. She was survived by her husband and three daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Irene K. Sheridan, widow of Gen. P. H. Sheridan. The remains were interred at Arlington.

Speaker Henderson is having a fight for re-election, owing to the opposition of the millers, who are charging him with being responsible for holding up some desired legislation in regard to shipments to England. They claim that Representative Loren Fletcher had practically secured the re-election of Henderson. A fund will be raised to be used against the Speaker.

On July 23 Lieut.-Col. Selden A. Day, of the United States Artillery Corps, was retired under the provisions of the age law. He enlisted in 1861 in the 7th Ohio. He had some conspicuous service with that regiment, and was transferred to the Regular Army with a commission in the 5th U. S. Art., and was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallantry at Cold Harbor. He became Lieutenant-Colonel in March, 1901.

Irrepressible rumor that persists in engaging Capt. Richmond P. Hobson to first one pretty girl and then another now insists that he is to marry Miss Letitia Stevenson, a daughter of ex-Vice-President Stevenson. The rumor is based on the fact that he has visited her at her home in Bloomington, Ill., a number of times within the last few months. As usual, the engagement is denied.

Capt. C. H. Vanhousen, 1st S. D., died at Hot Springs, June 28. Capt. Vanhousen's death was directly due to injuries received in a fall from a horse, a small cannon over a bridge to support his regiment. He had been recommended for a Medal of Honor, and a private pension bill had been passed to place him on the rolls at \$50 per month.

Mr. Wilfred H. Card and Miss Kate Osborne were married at Evanston, Ill., June 24. Mr. Card is the son of the late Major Hartwell Osborne, formerly of the 55th Ohio, and well known in the Queen City Railroad.

Dr. F. W. Cox, First Assistant Surgeon, 1st S. D., Philadelphia War, died at San Francisco, July 18. Dr. Cox was a prominent physician in Vermont, S. D., for many years, leaving about a year ago to accept a commission in the Regular Army.

At the Annual Encampment of the Department of California, G. A. R., Gen. William R. Shafter, who is a member of George H. Thomas Post, No. 2, of San Francisco, was elected a Delegate to the National Encampment.

Senator Foraker says that nobody has seriously thought of any Republican nominee for President in 1904, outside of Roosevelt. The others are "a few flickering flames that some ambitious partisans are trying to fan into a blaze."

The will of the late Gen. Charles H. Smith gives the silverware presented by members of the 10th U. S., and his sword to his son, Charles L. Smith. The rest of his property is divided among his children.

Col. W. P. Hepburn says that the millers' combination cannot possibly defeat Speaker Henderson's return to Congress. "If all Republican members were as certain of going back as Henderson, we should have a big majority in the next House."

Ex-Senator Warner Miller has returned from a long tour in Alaska. Gov. La Follette, of Wisconsin, is said to regard him very favorably as a Presidential probability.

Representative James A. Tawney, of the 1st Minnesota District, is having a fight for re-nomination, his opponent being State Senator John A. Tawney, who antagonizes him on the reciprocity question, and stands by the President.

deeds of mules were busily active. Death reigned supreme.

But as Si looked he saw the guards rise and take their places, as soldiers as ever. Down by the river officers and Sergeants, with broken arms and bleeding heads, struggled to their feet and sternly ordered their men to attention and their places.

Si first led his squad to lift a mule in the paroxysms of death off a teamster whose leg had been broken. The poor brute was kicking violently, but Si's, Shorty's, Tom's and Abe's strong arms removed him, and carried the teamster back to the rock, where Alf, assisted by Oterbein Kramer, Pete and Sandy, did all that was possible to relieve his pain.

Si and the rest gathered up other maimed and bleeding ones, and carried them back to the rock, where they laid them on their own blankets. They became as bloody at this as if they had been terribly wounded themselves.

In the rush that was now being made from all directions toward the scene of disaster were many mounted officers of high rank. Among them was the Division Surgeon, followed by his staff and attaches. Ambulances were sent for, and came at a gallop, and the more severely

Some foragers had found it, loaded it with the good things of the plantations' stores and made the staid men hitch up four horses to it. The captors had driven it to the river, and left it there to be run over to the scene of the disaster, and Shorty saw his opportunity. They made a rush for the coach, and piled into it without a word of protest. The Division Surgeon showed a disposition to hesitate and debate the morality of the transaction, but Shorty pushed him along, and made him throw his traps into the big "boot" of the coach. There were no more for the vehicle, which would hold most of them, and Shorty mounted into the saddle of the wheel-horse.

They were none too soon, for Shorty had hardly gathered up the lines when the war-horse Pete shouted, "Hurry up, Corporal. Them fellows that the rig belongs to have got to be running this way as hard as they can."